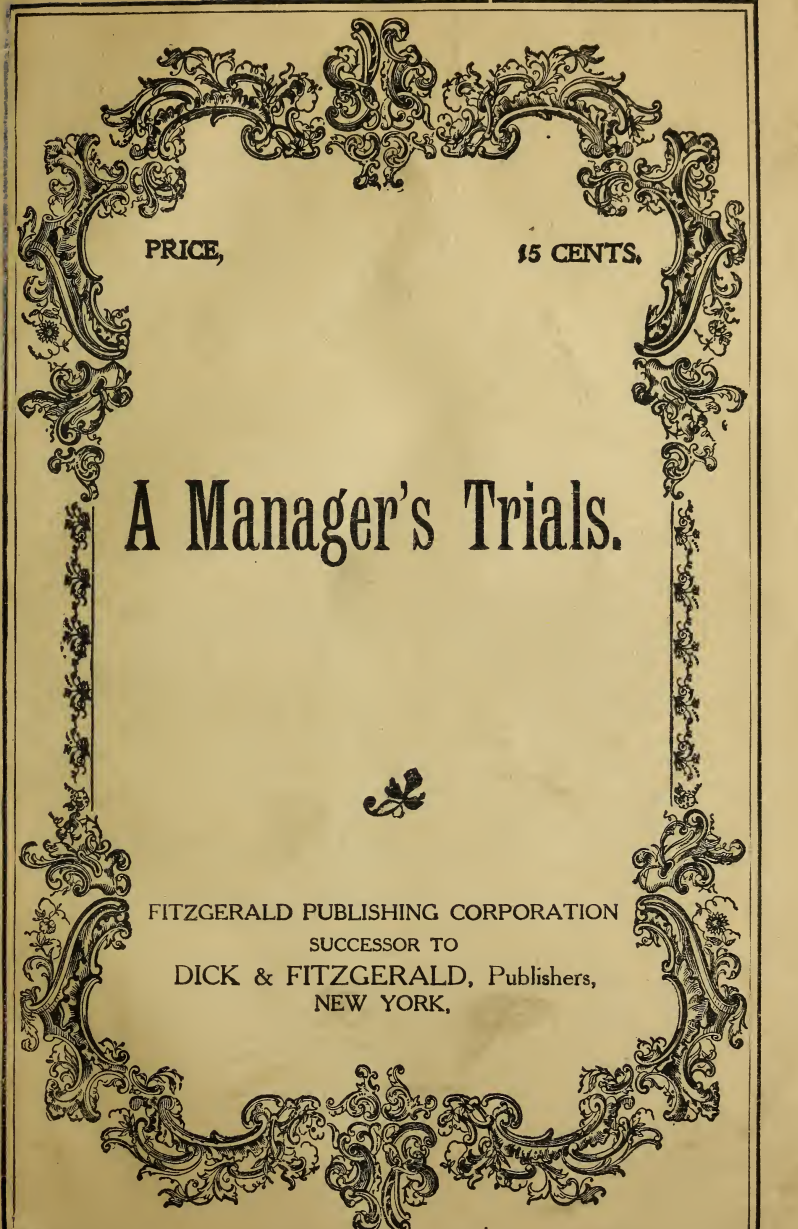


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PRICE,

15 CENTS.

A Manager's Trials.



FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION

SUCCESSOR TO

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK,

★COMMODORE, THE. 25 cents. A comedy in 3 acts, by ERASTUS OSGOOD. 6 males, 4 females. 2 interiors. Time, 2 hours. A very novel plot, worked out in an original manner involving the transfer of a large block of mining stock in which transaction the commodore assumes the role of a protecting genius. The dialogue is particularly bright, flows naturally and leads up to an unexpected climax, the suspense being sustained until final curtain. Amateur performances free. Professional acting rights upon application.

★MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS. 25 cents. A comedy in 2 acts, by PERCIVAL P. HALL. 7 male, 2 female characters. 1 interior. Time, about 50 minutes. *Pierre*, a struggling artist, short in money but "long" in debts is induced by his friend *Harry* to have his wealthy but "close" uncle informed of his sudden death; *Harry* hoping by this ruse to extract some funds from uncle. The funds were found but not where *Harry* expected. Introduces a typical street urchin; an Irish boarding-house landlady, a second hand clothier of the Hebrew type, etc.

★POOR DEAR UNCLE JAMES. 25 cents. A farce-comedy in 3 acts, by BEULAH KING. 3 male, 6 female characters. 1 interior. Time, 1½ hours. An exceedingly bright and breezy comedy showing what influence passed-away *Poor Dear Uncle James* had upon the marital fortunes of *Frances* and *Brice*. Introduces, among others, a girl of 15 and a youngster of 12. The dialogue is very bright and the action continuous. Highly recommended.

***BAD BEGINNING, A. 25 cents.** A comedy in 1 act, by ERNEST GRANT WHITE. 4 male, 2 female characters. 1 interior. Time, 1 hour. *Stephen*, a Nevada ranchman, comes to New York expecting to marry a society girl, but is "turned down cold." While preparing to return West immediately, his suite is entered by *Ann*; he assumes her to be a thief and engages her in conversation while deciding what disposition to make of her, and becoming interested loses his heart on the rebound. How it results shows that frequently at least "A Bad Beginning makes a good ending." A particularly effective sketch, and not "over the heads of beginners," is highly recommended to amateurs of some experience.

★DR. UMPS. 25 cents. A farcical prescription in 1 dose, by ERASTUS OSGOOD. 2 male, 2 female characters. 1 interior. Time, about 40 minutes. *John* has become a fault-finding and irritable husband. In order to reform him, *Marjory*, his wife, by means of suggestion makes him believe he is near a nervous break-down. Under the assumed name of *Dr. Umps*, she calls in her school pal, *Mrs. Small*. The routine through which *Dr. Umps* puts *John* is screamingly funny, and is so successful in its results that *Marjory* is absolutely satisfied with her attempted reformation.

PHARAOH'S KNOB. 25 cents. A comedy in 1 act, by EDITH J. CRAINE. 1 male, 12 females. Time 1 hour. *Lieut. Kingston*, in love with *Elizabeth Jones*, is repulsed by her mother, who does not approve of penniless soldiers. The *Lieutenant* finds an iridescent knob and is seen by a credulous bell-hop, and for fun he tells her a fake story as to its value. This story travels rapidly among the hotel guests and as soon as it reaches *Mrs. Jones'* ears, her antipathy to the officer disappears. Eventually it becomes known that the knob belongs to an antique cabinet, but before this discovery is made, the *Lieutenant* and *Elizabeth* have been married; so *Mrs. Jones* has to approve. Introduces a clever girl bell-hop and hotel clerk, a female Sherlock Holmes and her admirer, besides other hotel guests.

★WHOSE WIDOW? 25 cents. A comedy in 1 act, by HELEN C. CLIFFORD. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Plays about 50 minutes. *Marcella*, a young Western girl, arrives at her aunt's wearing a widow's gown, much to everyone's surprise this she did to gain more freedom. She assumes the name of Mrs. Loney and to her horror is soon made acquainted with persons of that name, presumably relatives of her alleged husband. The husband appears in the shape of an impostor and demands blackmail, but his plan is foiled, and after many comical incidents *Marcella* finds her match. The dialogue flows naturally and brightly, and the action is continuous. Recommended for schools.

★ALICE'S BLIGHTED PROFESSION. 25 cents. A sketch in 1 act, by HELEN C. CLIFFORD, for 6 or 8 girls. 1 interior. Time, about 50 minutes. *Alice*, a clientless young lawyer, seeking a stenographer, has several applicants, but none gives satisfaction. It eventually develops that all the applicants were disguised school friends of *Alice's* and adopted this method to induce her to give up the profession, which she does. Recommended for schools.

★HER VICTORY. 25 cents. A sketch in 1 act, by E. M. CRANE, for 17 female characters. Scene, interior of an artist's studio appropriately furnished, and arranged with such properties as are readily available. The number of characters may be cut; or several may double. Specialties, local hits, etc., may be introduced. An episode of a girl's colony in far-famed Greenwich Village of New York City, showing a bit of the trials and tribulations of a hard-working class of girls. Introduces an illustrator, a "Movie Queen," a ducky mammy, a daughter of Erin, etc. Gives great scope for character portrayal.

A MANAGER'S TRIALS

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

Abraham
BY
A. LINCOLN FISHER

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FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION

SUCCESSOR TO
DICK & FITZGERALD

18 Vesey St.,

New York

812
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A MANAGER'S TRIALS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DANIEL SLOMAN.....*A Theatrical Manager.*
CHARLES AUGUSTUS SUNFLOWER.....*His Dusky Factotum.*
BILL SCRAPPER.....*A Bowery Boy.*
SISSY DEVERE.....*A Pansy Blossom.*
FRITZ DINKELSPIEL.....*A Stage-struck Dutchman.*
ORLANDO TATTERS.....*A Relic of the Legitimate.*
DENNIS MCSWAT.....*"One av de Foinest."*
MLLE. DELIMBES.....*A High Kicker.*
EUDOXIA PERSIMMONS.....*"A Timid Little Girl."*

TIME OF PLAYING—30 MINUTES.

SCENE.

A plain interior with center door, and windows R. and L. Chair and table R. C. Several chairs L. C.

PROPERTIES.

Writing paper, envelopes, pen, inkstand and call-bell on table. Feather-duster for Sunflower. Deck of playing cards for Bill. Newspapers for Sloman and Bill. Card for Mlle. DeLimbes. Large valise for Fritz. Cane for Sissy. Ragged and soiled handkerchief for Tatters. Fan for Eudoxia. Short stuffed club for Dennis.

COSTUMES.

SLOMAN.—Light check suit with Prince Albert coat; flashy necktie; white gaiters and patent-leather shoes; light-colored high hat with broad black band; half bald auburn wig.

SUNFLOWER.—Swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, waist-coat to match, and tightly fitting light trousers. High collar, gaudy necktie, and enormous cuffs.

BILL SCRAPPER.—Short sack-coat (buttoned), tightly fitting spring bottom trousers, and cap or small slouch hat cocked over one eye. Extremely tough.

SISSY DEVERE.—Black cutaway coat of the latest pattern, white vest, light gray trousers, white gaiters and patent leather shoes, standing collar, fashionable scarf and cuffs. A stylish straw hat, or light derby, and blonde wig with center parting.

FRITZ DINKELSPIEL.—White duck frock-coat with spreading skirts, red vest and very baggy "high-water" pantaloons of white duck. Red socks and clumsy low shoes, low-crowned derby hat; brown Dutch wig and chin whiskers.

ORLANDO TATTERS.—Very seedy black suit (Prince Albert coat), battered high hat, foxy shoes, and dirty white gaiters. Wig of long black hair.

DENNIS MCSWAT.—Regular policeman's uniform. Red Irish wig and whiskers.

MILLE DELIMBES.—Red dress with long accordeon-plaited skirt, red tights and slippers, red hat and parasol. Blonde wig of short curling hair. (This character can be assumed by a man. He should be a good female impersonator, both in looks and action.)

EUDOXIA PERSIMMONS.—Green dress, with hoop-skirts, green bonnet with gaudy trimmings, brown wig with "cork-screw" curls. (This part can also be filled by a man.)

ABBREVIATIONS.

In observing, the player faces the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., center; R. C., right of center; L. C., left of center; 1, 2 or 3 C., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, toward the flat or back scene; DOWN STAGE, toward the audience.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.





A MANAGER'S TRIALS.

Scene.—SLOMAN'S office, New York (see Scene Plot.) *Curtain rises to lively music, discovering SUNFLOWER engaged in dusting.*

Sun. Golly, Massa Sloman ought ter be heah by dis time. It am'way aftah nine o'clock, an' he am gen'ly in befo' dat. Wondah when he am gwine to pay me dem wages he's been owin' me fo' de las' six months. Whenebber I ax him, it am always, "Jes' wait, Sunflowah, till I gets a little mo' flush;" or "Youah patience shall hab its reward by an' by"—yas, in de sweet by an' by, I reckon. Wal, dis yere chile am gettin' kinder tired ob dis penuriousness, an' if I doan get mah wages in full befo' long—sumfin's gwine ter go up in spontaneous combustion, suah. (*Looking out center door.*) Golly, here comes de boss now. [*Goes about, dusting vigorously.*]

Enter SLOMAN, C. D.

Slo. Ah, good-morning, Sunflower.

Sun. (*dusting furiously*). Mornin', sah.

Slo. Any callers this morning?

Sun. (*still dusting*). No, sah.

Slo. Very well, Sunflower, you may go. I shan't need you for a while. [*Seats himself at table.*]

Sun. Yes, sah. (*Starts for C. D., but pauses when he reaches it.*) Say, Mars' Sloman!

Slo. Well, what is it?

Sun. Wh-When's I gwine to git dem w-wages?

Slo. Ah, always harping on those wages, Sunflower. Haven't I repeatedly endeavored to impress upon you the beauty of cultivating the virtue of patience?

Sun. Yes, sah; but—

Slo. Ah, let there be no "buts" in this matter. Patience, my dear Sunflower, patience, that's the word. Just you wait

until I get the Fly-by-Night Folly Company on the road, and I'll make your eyes stick, yes, sir, fairly bulge out of your head, sir, to see the piles of dust we shall scoop, Why, my dear fellow, you shall receive your wages, past, present and future, with such unequaled promptitude as will fairly get out an injunction on your breathing apparatus, sir. Think of that, sir!

Sun. My lan'lady said dat ef I don't settle mah board-bill soon, she am gwine to confiscate mah wa'drobe; and de wash-woman—

Slo. How dare you mention such commonplace things as landladies and wash-women, sir! Put yourself above their mercenary level. Look at me, sir; I never think of them, (*aside*) but quite a number of them are thinking of me. (*To SUN.*) Now, don't bother me any more to-day about those wages. Time will make everything right. Go now, and don't admit any one for the next half-hour. I have some correspondence to attend to, and must not be disturbed.

Sun. Yas, sah. (*Aside.*) I needs dem wages bad.

[*Exit, C. D.*

Slo. I must write at once to the management of the Mudville Opera House, for time. I think we can pull big houses there. I need a few more people for the Fly-by-Night Folly Company, and have advertised for them in the *Morning Bellows*. There's nothing like advertising.

[*Writes.*

Bill Scrapper (*outside*). Wot's dat? Can't come in, hey? Well, I likes dat! Here, nigger, jest you pay yer respects ter McGinnis.

[*SUNFLOWER is heard tumbling downstairs.*

Slo. (*looking up*). What the devil's that? That infernal nigger's upset something. Just wait till I get through with this.

[*Continues his writing.*

Enter BILL, C. D. *Walks to SLOMAN'S desk, slaps down his hand and leans on it; other hand in pocket. SLOMAN looks up in indignant surprise.*

Bill. Are you de boss?

Slo. (*aside*). Confound his impudence! (*To BILL.*) The what?

Bill. De boss. Der main guy, der cove wot advertised in de *Mornin' Bellus* fer people fer de Fly-by-Night Folly Company. See?

Slo. Oh yes, I understand. What do you wish to do? Hustle trunks?

Bill (*threateningly*). Hey! [*SLOMAN starts back.*

Slo. Oh, excuse me! excuse me! I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr.—
—Mr.—

Bill. Scrapper, Bill Scrapper, der boss swiper of der Bowery.

Slo. Well, I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr. Slapper—

Bill. Scrapper !

Slo. Yes, Mr. Flapper—

Bill. See here, nibs ! See my eye ? See dat red spot in it ? Well, dat's blood. Yer don't want ter get my handle wrong again. My name's Scrapper—see ?

Slo. Yes, yes. I beg your pardon, Mr. Scrapper. I'm awfully sorry, but my company is filled. When did you see the ad. ?

Bill. Yesterday.

Slo. Well, I'm sorry, but you're a trifle too late, Mr. Scrapper, —I mean Scrapper,—I took the ad. out last night.

Bill. Well, why didn't yer say so, right off ?

Slo. Well, you see, I am very busy and get slightly confused.

Bill. Oh, dat's it, is it ? Well, if yer wants a man for a boxin' team, send fer Bill Scrapper on the Bowery. Here's me card (*takes a deck of playing-cards from his pocket and throws down the ace of clubs*), and 'tain't no bloomin' ten-spot, nuther. (*Walks to C. and turns.*) An' say, boss, yer want ter teach dat nigger o' yours better manners—see ?

Slo. Just as you say, Mr. Scrapper ; just as you say.

Bill. Well, see dat yer do. Mornin', boss ; mornin' !

Slo. Good-morning, sir. [BILL *swaggers out*, C. D.]

Slo. I breathe again. I shall breathe still harder when I call that infernal nigger to account for his disobedience.

[*Taps bell furiously.*]

Enter SUNFLOWER, C. D., in a broken-up state, limping.

Slo. Sunflower !

Sun. Yas, sah.

Slo. What the devil made you let that duffer in ?

Sun. Wha' duffah, sah ?

Slo. You know well enough whom I mean. That gentle cuss from the Bowery.

Sun. Mars' Sloman, 'deed in double I didn' lef him in.

Slo. What ? After deliberately disobeying my orders, you have the cheek to come to me with a lie like that ?

Sun. Hab a little patience, Mars' Sloman. Patience am de word—

Slo. Why, you impudent lump of charcoal—

Sun. Now, doan't git 'cited, Mars' Sloman. Ise gwine ter 'splain eberyt'ing. Dat bruiser frum de Bow'ry come walkin' upstars an' ax ter see Mars' Sloman. Tell 'im Mars' Sloman am busy ; cyan't see Mars' Sloman no-how, and 'fore dis chile know what's comin', he up an' grabs me by de scruff ob de neck an' frows me down 'bout sixteen flights ob stairs. Ef dis yere chile's head hadn' been so hard, it'd done broke fo' suan. Reckon it'll take 'bout fo'ty lebben quahts ob arnicum ter git dis niggah to rights.

Slo. Well, Sunflower, I'll excuse you this time. But don't let it happen again. Remember, sir, don't let it happen again.

Sun. (*aside*). Ef it do, dis niggah gwine ter git anuder siteration, wages or no wages. (*To SLOMAN.*) Yes, Mars' Slo-man. [*Limps out, C. D.*]

Slo. Well, I don't think I want Mr. Scrapper, Mr. Bill Scrapper of the Bowery in my snap; excuse me. Now I'll just finish this letter and let Sunflower crawl to the nearest mail-box with it. (*Writes rapidly, finishes letter, places it in envelope, seals and addresses it.*) There, that'll fix 'em. [*Taps bell.*]

Enter SUNFLOWER, C. D.

Slo. Sunflower, mail this (*hands letter*), and don't let it take you a week.

Sun. Yas, sah.

[*Limps out, C. D.*]

Slo. Now I'll devote a little of my time to perusing the columns of the *Morning Bellows*. (*Takes newspaper from his pocket.*) I wonder if it has anything to say about—

Enter Mlle. DELIMBES, C. D.

Slo. Ah, good-morning, Ma'am. What can I do for you?

Mlle. Ah, Monsieur, haf I ze plasire to address ze Monsieur Slo-man, vat advairtize in ze papaire?

Slo. Well, I should say so. Whom, may I ask, have I the pleasure of addressing? [*Mlle. hands him a card.*]

Slo. (*reading*). Mademoiselle DeLimbes, Opera Comique, Paris. (*To Mlle.*) Ah, a singer?

Mlle. Non, non, Monsieur.

Slo. What is your line, then?

Mlle. (*puzzled*). Line—line? Vat you call ze "line"?

Slo. I mean—(*aside*)—Oh what in blazes do I mean? (*To Mlle.*) Oh, I meant to ask what is the nature of your performance?

Mlle. Pairformance? Ah, zat ees good. I am von skirt dansaire—vat ze homme Americane call ze—ze high kickaire.

[*Kicks.*]

Slo. I understand perfectly. (*Placing chair for her, and putting another beside it for himself.*) And now if you will be seated, my dear, we will talk matters over.

[*Mlle. takes one of the chairs and SLOMAN seats himself beside her.*]

Slo. In the first place, my dear, can you give me an idea of the salary you expect to receive?

Mlle. In Paree I get ze 250 francs von week.

Slo. Two hundred and fifty francs! Great Cæsar! Two hundred and fifty francs! Well now, I am not so sure that I

can afford to pay you a corresponding sum. You see—you see—

Mlle. Oh yes, Monsieur, I have ze good—what you call him—eyesight.

Slo. I was not alluding to your eyesight, my dear, which I presume is first-class. I was referring to your salary.

Mlle. Ah, I shall see ze salary. Excellente! So vair often I not see ze salary in Paree.

Slo. (*aside*). You won't see much of it here. (*To Mlle.*) Now I am perfectly willing to engage you at two dollars and cakes.

Mlle. Two dollaire! It ees so vair small.

Slo. Well, come to think of it, it is rather small; I'll add another to it if it breaks my heart. Ah, Mademoiselle, I can't resist the pleading of your glorious eyes. Behold, I add another and make it three dollars and cakes.

Mlle. Cakes,—cakes? Vot you call cakes?

Slo. Why, your board, feed, hash, grub. Just think of it,—three dollars and cakes!

Mlle. Monsieur ees vair considerate.

Slo. You will accept my terms?

Mlle. Monsieur, I vill think—

Slo. Don't, my dear, don't think, it's dangerous. (*Aside.*) I must have her at all hazards. (*To Mlle.*) Remember, I am making you an unusual offer, and why? Because, Mademoiselle, your beauty overpowers me and makes me relax my usually inflexible rules. When you entered that portal (*points to door*), bringing with you, as it were, the very presence of an angel, my whole soul bowed to the magic influence of your loveliness. When your musical voice, beside which the notes of a flute are a burlesque, and the far-famed Æolian harp an everlasting humbug, began to exert its gentle influence upon the atmosphere of this room, I was, as it were, enthralled—your willing slave.

Mlle. Monsieur flatters me.

Slo. Flatter you! Mademoiselle, it is impossible. The beauty that called me to worship it so moved me, that, struggle as I might, I could not refuse you an advance on my first offer.

Mlle. Monsieur is certain zat he means all he say?

Slo. Mean it? Well, I should puff a cigarette!

Mlle. Monsieur vill please refrain from ze cigarette. It make ze head to ache. I cannot stand him.

Slo. You misunderstand me. I meant to convey, in a figure of speech, that I was thoroughly in earnest in what I have said to you.

Mlle. I can place ze—ze reliance on Monsieur's vords?

Slo. I'll take my oath on a stack of dictionaries as high as a tenement.

Mlle. I will not give Monsieur ze trouble ze dictionaries to procure. I take him at hees word, and ze terms I accept.

Slo. Ah, I knew you'd do it. Fairest of the fair, long has my bosom yearned for the possession of such a glorious creature; and my heart swells with pride to know that I have secured so great a card. Thus do I pay homage to unquestionable worth. (*Rises, takes her hand and kisses it*; **SUNFLOWER blunders in**, C. D.)

Sun. 'Scuse me! Ise not lookin'.

[**Exit**, C. D.; **MLLE.** rises suddenly.]

Slo. (*confusedly*). Yes, yes, as I was saying, you may—that is, you may consider yourself er—er—engaged, yes, engaged. (*Aside.*) Confound that infernal nigger! (*To MLLE.*) Call around to-morrow morning at nine, and I'll sign you.

Mlle. Vair vell, Monsieur Sloman, I shall not forget. Three dollaire and ze cakes. Aha! Bon jour, Monsieur Sloman, bon jour.

Slo. Bon jour, Mademoiselle, bon jour, over the river, skip the gutter, and so forth, etc., good-day.

[**SLOMAN bows extravagantly as MLLE. retires**, C. D.]

Slo. Ah, that's the way to get on the right side of those French people. Flatter them, and all is lovely and plain sailing. (*Looks at card.*) Mademoiselle DeLimbes; from Paris. She shall occupy a prominent place on the bills. No doubt I shall be able to draw all Mudville; and to think that I should have secured such a daisy for three dollars and cakes! Sloman, old boy, you're a genius. Isn't she a beauty! If I'm not careful I'll lose my head and pay her salary. But, my gracious, I can imagine what a pleasant view our front row will afford a hair restorative manufacturer! Confound that meddling nigger! I might have buzzed her half an hour longer. I'll get even with him, I'll just—

FRITZ DINKELSPIEL, who has entered, C. D., during **SLOMAN'S** speech, after gawking about the room, bumps into him at this point. **SLOMAN**, who has been standing with his back toward the door and has not observed **FRITZ**, turns angrily upon him.

Slo. What the devil do you want here? Can't you see where you're going?

Fritz. Ach! Oxcuse me, misder. I vas looking for dot Mr. Daniel Shlomans.

Slo. Well, you have a confoundedly queer way of looking for people. I'm Mr. Sloman. What do you want?

Fritz. Vos you Mr. Shlomans? Vell, vell, vell!

Slo. Don't you believe it? Do you want me to make an affidavit?

Fritz. Nein, I don'd vant some affidavits. You vas Mr. Shlomans? Vell, vell, vell!

Slo. See here, Pretzels. My time is valuable and I can't waste it chinning with you. Now state your business, and be quick about it.

Fritz. Peeshness? Oh, yaw; I almost forgod me about dot. I vant to get me a shob.

Slo. You want to get a "shob"?

Fritz. Yaw, dot's yust vat I say me.

Slo. What the deuce do you mean?

Fritz. Don'd you know vat a shob vas? Vell, py shimminy cracious, I vant somedings to do.

Slo. Oh, you mean a job.

Fritz. Yaw, dot's it. A shob.

Slo. I am sorry I can't accommodate you. I have a janitor,

Fritz. Shanitor! Dunder und blitzen! I don'd vant to pe some shanitors. I vas an actor man.

Slo. The devil!

Fritz. Nein, py Peesmarck! You dinks I was der tuyfel?

Slo. Oh, no. You don't look it. But what in blazes can you do?

Fritz. I do me noddings in plazes. I do me some singing on dot stage.

Slo. Oh, you sing, do you?

Fritz. Yaw; und tance, und grack shokes.

Slo. Well, let's hear you.

[FRITZ starts a song (*any chestnut will serve the purpose*).

SLOMAN stops his ears with his fingers.

Slo. Stop it! Stop it!

[FRITZ continues.

Slo. Stop it, or I'll call the police!

Fritz. Don'd you vas like dot, Mr. Shlomans?

Slo. Well, I should remark not!

Fritz. I grack some shokes for you.

Slo. If you do, I'll crack your skull.

Fritz. Vot vas der difference bedween a—

Slo. Shut up!

Fritz. Yust led me oxblain dot shoke.

Slo. You'll explain nothing.

[Grabs FRITZ by the collar and runs him out, C. D.
FRITZ is heard rolling downstairs.

Re-enter SLOMAN.

Slo. I think I've cured him. I wonder how he likes *that* song and dance. I'll have to purchase a Gatling gun for the benefit of such interesting people.

U. OF ILL. LIB.

Enter Sissy DeVERE, C. D.

Sissy. He, he, he ! Are you Mr. Sloman ?

[*Business of sucking cane-head.*]

Slo. (*aside*). Tell what it is, and you can have it. (*To*

SISSY.) Yes, I'm Mr. Sloman. Who are you ?

Sis. Me ? Oh, I'm Sissy, he, he, he, he !

[*Business with cane-head.*]

Slo. (*imitating*). Oh, you're Sissy, he, he, he, he, are you ?
Sissy what ?

Sis. Oh, sugah, how stupid of me ! Sissy DeVere.

Slo. Well, Mr. Sissy DeVere, what's your business with me ?

Sis. Business ? Oh, sugah, to be suah—

Slo. Do you take this place for a grocery ?

Sis. Oh, sugah ; you don't understand, Mr. Sloman ! Let me finish.

Slo. I've no time for you. This is no place for drummers.

Sis. Drummer ? I'm no drummer ; I'm an actor, he, he, he !

[*Business with cane-head.*]

Slo. (*aghast*). Holy Moses !

Sis. Yes, a tragedian.

Slo. Well, well, well,—wonders will never cease. You an actor—a tragedian ! When did you find it out ? Who told you ?

Sis. Nobody. It's born in me.

Slo. Ye Gods !

Sis. Oh, yes. Let me recite something.

Slo. Please don't.

Sis. Oh, but you don't know how nicely I can recite.

Slo. I'll take your word for it. I don't want any proofs.

Sis. No, but let me give you a little extract from Hamlet.
It's one of my favorites. (*Starts in rapidly.*)

“ To be or not to be, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous—”

Slo. (*interrupting*). Well, this is devilish outrageous, devilish outrageous, sir ! Get out of this, or there'll be a funeral in the DeVere family.

Sis. You needn't get angry, Mr. Sloman.

Slo. Get angry ? Get angry ? Why, such an offence as you have dared to perpetrate ought to be punishable by hanging. Your people should chain you up or put you into a lunatic asylum, sir.

Sis. Sir !!

Slo. Yes, sir !!

Sis. (*backing toward C. D.*). You're a mean, nasty, horrid man ! and I'll never speak to you again. So, there ! (*At door.*)
Oh, you horrid thing !

[SLOMAN makes a dash at him, and he vanishes.]

Slo. Well, that's the worst specimen that's struck this place this morning. I'll have to barricade the doors. I wonder where that nigger Sunflower is? Asleep in the hall, probably. I'll wake him up!
[Starts for door when

Enter ORLANDO TATTERS.

Tat. Good-morrow, friend Sloman; how goes the world with you?

Slo. (*aside*). By the ghost of Cæsar, whom have we here?

Tat. Do you remember me, friend Sloman?

Slo. I do not, sir.

Tat. What! not remember Orlando Tatters, who made the welkin ring with his name five years ago, here in New York?

[Extends hand.

Slo. (*ignoring it*). No, sir; I do not remember any such person.

Tat. (*taking out a soiled handkerchief and wiping his eyes*). Ah, so it goes; when misery and want o'ertake us poor unfortunates, our old associates know us no more.

Slo. I never did know you. I believe you're a beat.

Tat. (*assuming a grand air*). A beat! The blood of the ancient race of Tatters boils within me at the insult. Orlando Tatters, the once famous tragedian, to have the name of "beat" flung in his very teeth!

Slo. You needn't get a fit of heroics. You're not the first of your kind that's struck me. They all have the same story.

Tat. Never, sir! never! I claim that mine is the only one of its kind in the country, sir! A real original story that cannot be equalled or excelled.

Slo. Bah!

Tat. Friend Sloman, had I known that I was to meet with contempt and insult, I should never have crossed your threshold.

Slo. I wish you had known it, then.

Tat. When I entered your office, it was with the desire of conferring upon you the honor of lending a quarter to the once famous Orlando Tatters. You have wounded my feelings, sir. Subjected me to scorn and mockery! But see how the nobility of the heart of Orlando Tatters soars above your mercenary meanness. I still offer you the honor.

Slo. And I most emphatically decline it.

Tat. (*wiping his eyes*). My heart is full, but my stomach, alas, is empty. Canst thou not lend me a dime wherewith to purchase a seductive oyster soup?

Slo. Try the free lunch counter, (*aside*) as I do frequently.

Tat. Alas, wherever I go I am greeted with the cruel sign, "No beer, no lunch."

Slo. Then you must devise means of getting beer.

Tat. Alas, my pockets, like my stomach, are devoid of fullness.

Slo. Now, see here, anybody can get things with money. It takes a man of tact and genius to get them without money. Look at me. Do I look hungry?

Tat. No, friend Sloman.

Slo. Then gall it, as I do; you people deserve to suffer. Good-day, Mr. Tatters.

Tat. Do you mean to intimate that this interview is at an end?

Slo. I do.

Tat. Can you not even let me have a chew of tobacco?

Slo. You'll probably find the nigger in the hallway. He chews. Now git! [Points to door.]

Tat. I'll stand no longer on the order of my going.

Slo. All sorts and sizes. Any variety you want. Now I'll go and knock the block off that nigger! [Goes out tragically.]
(*About to go, but is met at the door by EUDOXIA PERSIMMONS.*)

Eud. Can I see Mr. Sloman?

Slo. (*aside*). Great heavens! Another phenomenon! (To EUDOXIA.) I am Mr. Sloman.

Eud. Oh, how lovely! My dear Mr. Sloman, I've heard that you want some people for your company.

Slo. Indeed?

Eud. Yes, I saw your advertisement in the newspaper, and I decided to come around and apply.

Slo. Very commendable indeed (*aside*) for an old hen like that. (To EUDOXIA.) I am afraid I'll have to disappoint you. There are no vacancies in the ballet.

Eud. (*hiding her face with her fan*). Oh, Mr. Sloman, how can you?

Slo. Oh, I beg your pardon. No offence, I hope.

Eud. Oh, no; only I am such a timid little girl. [Giggles.]

Slo. (*unguardedly*). Is that so? I'd never have thought it.

Eud. Sir!!

Slo. Oh, excuse me! Beg pardon, a thousand times. Does your husband approve of your inclinations?

Eud. Husband? Husband? I want you to understand that I am a lone, innocent, unprotected girl. I'm plain every-day Miss Eudoxia Persimmons; and if you think you can insult me just as you please, because I am without a protector, you are very much mistaken, Mr. Sloman. I can take my own part, sir, and you will find out that I'm not to be trampled upon by you men!

Slo. Great heavens, it goes off like an alarm clock! (To EUDOXIA.) Oh, excuse me, Miss Persimmons; I assure you

I meant no harm. It's only a peculiar way of questioning that I have. Now that I look at you more closely, I see how stupid I was. Why, you don't look a day over sixteen. (*Aside.*) She's a hundred at least.

Eud. (*simpering*). Oh, Mr. Sloman, you flatter me!

Slo. No, indeed, my dear Miss Persimmons. (*Aside.*) I'll have some sport with the old gal. (*To EUDOXIA.*) Ah, Eudoxia, if I may be permitted to call you so; Eudoxia, there is no light (*aside*) except that of a kerosene lamp (*to EUDOXIA*) that can be compared to the light of your eyes. Those beautiful ringlets! (*Business.*) Those fairy dimples! [*Business.*

Eud. Oh!

[*Hiding face with fan.*

Slo. Those cherry lips!

[*Business.*

[*EUDOXIA goes toward him as if to kiss him.*

Slo. (*retreating*). Not so fast! plenty of time. (*Aside.*) I'm not fond of dried cherries, anyhow. (*To EUDOXIA.*) Eudoxia, why did you ever cross my path, to awaken a passion in my bosom which I am sure you can never return?

Eud. Oh, my dear Mr. Sloman, do not despair. I am yours forever!

[*About to throw her arms around him.*

Slo. (*retreating*). Not if I know it! Keep your distance, you old century plant!

Eud. (*staggering*). What?

Slo. Don't bring that ancient mug of yours so close to me.

Eud. Oh! Oh! This is too much!

Slo. I should say so.

Eud. I shall faint!

Slo. Don't. You might spoil the carpet.

Eud. Oh, you base, deceitful wretch! I'd like to scratch your eyes out!

[*Runs at him.*

Slo. (*retreating behind table*). Don't trouble yourself, please.

Enter BILL SCRAPPER, with newspaper in hand. EUDOXIA retreats, L.

Bill (*to SLOMAN*). So yer took der "ad." out o' der paper, did yer? Yer t'ought I wasn't good enough fer yer, hey? An' tried ter give me a stiff about dat "ad."? (*Throws off his coat.*) I'm goin' to do yer up in about two shakes. See?

Eud. Heavens, what a desperate man! [*Looks on horrified.*

Slo. (*aside*). Now I'm a goner, sure. (*To BILL.*) Really, Mr. Scrapper—

Bill (C.). Oh, yer can't work der confused racket on me dis time. I'm out fer blood! See? Prepare ter die a natural death.

[*Advancing.*

Eud. (*running to window, L.*). Help! Murder! Police!

BILL *advances upon SLOMAN. They circle around the table.* SUNFLOWER *runs in hurriedly, sees SCRAPPER, turns to flee and bumps into FRITZ DINKELSPIEL who is just entering. They clinch, fall and roll down C., FRITZ holding on to his valise.* OFFICER MCSWAT *enters hurriedly, followed by ORLANDO TATTERS.*

Eud. Help! Save me. [TATTERS *catches her in his arms and fans her with his hat.*

McSwat (*grabbing BILL by the collar*). Ah, Scrapper, ye omadhaun, Oi know ye, an' ye know that Oi know ye. Come an.

BILL *struggles and is clubbed by MCSWAT.* SUNFLOWER and FRITZ *reach C. D. in their struggles, and SUNFLOWER throws FRITZ downstairs, the noise of which can be simulated in the wings.* SUNFLOWER *returns in triumph with FRITZ'S valise, and SLOMAN, utterly exhausted, falls forward across the table.*

Sun. (R., *holding up valise*). To de victors belong de spoils!

Tat. (*fanning EUDOXIA*). By my halidom, this beats perpetual motion!

McSwat (*holding BILL by collar, C. D., and pointing off L. with his club*). An' this bates anyt'ing. Clubs are trumps an' wance more Oireland is triumphant!

POSITIONS.

	MCSWAT.	BILL.	
SLOMAN.			TATTERS.
SUNFLOWER.			EUDOXIA.

CURTAIN.



PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

Fifteen Cents Each (Postage, 1 Cent Extra)

Unless Otherwise Mentioned

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Arabian Nights	Farce	3	4	5	2¼h
Bundle of Matches (27c.)	Comedy	2	1	7	1½h
Crawford's Claim (27c.)	Drama	3	9	3	2¼h
Her Ladyship's Niece (27c.)	Comedy	4	4	4	1½h
Just for Fun (27c.)	"	3	2	4	2h
Men, Maids, Matchmakers	" (27c.)	3	4	4	2h
Our Boys	"	3	6	4	2h
Puzzled Detective	Farce	3	5	3	1h
Three Hats	"	3	5	4	2h
Timothy Delano's Courtship	Comedy	2	2	3	1h
Up-to-Date Anne	"	2	2	3	1h
White Shawl (27c.)	Farce	2	3	3	1½h
Fleeing Flyer	"	1	4	3	1¼h
From Punkin' Ridge	Drama	1	6	3	1¼h
Handy Solomon	Farce	1	2	2	20m
Hoosier School	"	1	5	5	30m
Kiss in the Dark	"	1	2	3	45m
Larry	"	1	4	4	45m
Love Birds' Matrimonial Agency	"	1	3	4	30m
Married Lovers	Comedy	1	2	4	45m
Ma's New Boarders (27c.)	Farce	1	4	4	30m
Mrs. Forester's Crusade	"	1	1	2	30m
New Pastor	Sketch	1	2	2	30m
Relations	Farce	1	3	1	20m
Standing Room Only	Comedy	1	3	1	35m
Stormy Night	"	1	3	1	40m
Surprises (27c.)	Farce	1	2	3	30m
Tangles (27c.)	"	1	4	2	30m
Little Rogue Next Door	"	1	2	3	40m
'Till Three P. M.	"	1	2	1	20m
Train to Mauro	"	1	2	1	15m
When Women Rule	"	1	2	4	15m
Won by a Kodak	Comedy	1	2	3	50m
April Fools	Farce	1	3	0	30m
Fun in a Schoolroom	"	1	4	0	40m
Little Red Mare	"	1	3	0	35m
Manager's Trials	"	1	9	0	45m
Medica	"	1	7	0	35m
Mischievous Bob	Comedy	1	6	0	40m
Cheerful Companion	Dialogue	1	0	2	25m
Dolly's Double	"	1	1	1	20m
Drifted Apart	"	1	1	1	30m
Gentle Touch	"	1	1	1	30m
John's Emmy	"	1	1	1	20m
Point of View	"	1	1	1	20m
Professor's Truant Glove	"	1	1	1	20m
Belles of Blackville	Minstrel	1	0	any no.	2h
Sweet Family (27c.)	Entertainment	1	0	8	1h
Conspirators (27c.)	Comedy	2	0	12	40m
A Day and a Night (27c.)	"	2	0	10	1h
Gertrude Mason, M.D. (27c.)	Farce	1	0	7	30m
In Other People's Shoes	Comedy	1	0	8	50m
Maidens All Forlorn (27c.)	"	3	0	6	1¼h
Mary Ann	"	1	0	5	30m
Romance of Phyllis (27c.)	"	3	0	4	1¼h
Fuss vs. Feathers	Mock Trial	1	4	4	30m
Tanglefoot vs. Peruna	"	1	7	18	1½h
Great Libel Case	"	1	21	0	2h

PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

For Schools and Colleges

Twenty-five cents (Postage 2 cents extra)

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Irish Eden	Comedy	3	3	6	2h
Kidnapped Freshman	Farce	3	12	4	2¼h
Matrimonial Tiff	Farce	1	2	1	1h
Little Savage	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Lodgers Taken In	"	3	6	4	2¼h
Miss Mosher of Colorado	"	4	5	3	2h
Miss Neptune	"	2	3	3	1¼h
My Uncle from India	"	4	13	4	2¼h
Never Again	Farce	3	7	5	2h
New England Folks	Drama	3	3	4	2¼h
Next Door	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
Oak Farm	Comedy	3	7	4	2¼h
Riddles	"	3	3	3	1¼h
Rosebrook Farm	"	3	6	9	1¼h
Stubborn Motor Car	"	3	7	4	2¼h
Too Many Husbands	Farce	2	3	4	2h
When a Man's Single	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Where the Lane Turned	"	4	7	5	2h
After the Honeymoon	Farce	1	2	3	50m
Biscuits and Bills	Comedy	1	3	1	1¼h
Chance at Midnight	Drama	1	2	1	25m
Conquest of Helen	Comedy	1	3	2	1h
The Coward	Drama	1	5	2	30m
Sheriff of Tuckahoe	Western Sk.	1	3	1	1h
Bashful Mr. Bobbs	Comedy	3	4	7	2¼h
Whose Widow	"	1	5	4	50m
Alice's Blighted Profession	Sketch	1	0	3	50m
Regular Girls	Entertainment	1	0	any no.	1h
100% American	Comedy	1	0	15	1¼h
Parlor Patriots	"	1	0	12	1h
Fads and Fancies	Sketch	1	0	17	1h
Mr. Loring's Aunts	Comedy	3	0	13	1¼h
My Son Arthur	"	1	2	3	¾h
Sewing Circle Meets	Entertainment	1	0	10	1¼h
Every Senior	Morality play	1	0	3	40m
Bride and Groom	Farce	3	5	5	2¼h
Last Chance	Comedy	2	2	12	1¼h
Bubbles	"	3	4	3	1¼h
Hurricane Wooing	"	3	4	3	1¼h
Peggy's Predicament	"	1	0	5	¾h
Found in a Closet	"	1	1	3	20m
Slacker (?) for the Cause	Sketch	1	3	1	20m
Baby Scott	Farce	3	5	4	2¼h
Billy's Bungalow	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
College Chums	"	3	9	3	2h
Delegates from Denver	Farce	3	3	10	¾h
Football Romance	Comedy	4	9	4	2¼h
Held for Postage	Farce	2	4	3	1¼h
In the Absence of Susan	"	3	4	6	1¼h
Transaction in Stocks	Comedy	1	4	1	45m
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party	Entertainment	1	5	11	2h
Bachelor Maids' Reunion	"	1	2	any no.	1¼h
In the Ferry House	"	1	15	11	1¼h
Rustic Minstrel Show	"	1	any no.	any no.	1¼h
Ye Village Skewl of Long Ago	"	2	any no.	any no.	2h
Rainbow Kimona	"	3	0	9	1¼h
Rosemary	Comedy	4	0	14	1¼h
Pharaoh's Knob	"	1	1	12	1h

